

458 SESTINE, P 4 £ T H M N o p
i? i L Q

To see the Rounds* the Morris
Dances, The leaden galliards, for
her sake ! To hear those songs, the
Shepherds make ! One with his
hobby horse still prances ! Whiles
some, with flowers* an highway
make !

There in a mantle of light green,
(Reserved, by custom, for that
day) PARTHENOPHB, they did
array ! And did create her,
Summer's Queen! And Ruler of
their merry May!

SESTINB 3*



Ou loathed fields and forests ^
lofected with my vain sighs ! You
stony rocks, and deaf hills, With
my complaints, to speak taught! You
sandy shores, with my tears, Which learn
to wash your dry face !

Behold, and learn in my face, The state of
blasted forests ! If you would learn to
shed tears,, Or melt away with oft sighs;
You shall, of me, be this taught* As I sit
under these hills,

Beating mine arms on these hills. Laid
grovelling on my lean face! My sheep, of
me to bleat taught; And to wander
through the forests I The sudden winds
learn my sighs ! AURORA*s flowers, my
tears!